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KNOWING THE MANNERS OF THE PEOPLE.

Washington Hostess (giving an evening party): JAMES, ARE THE AMBULANCES AT THE DOOR?

James: YES, MA'AM.

Washington Hostess: THEN YOU MAY ANNOUNCE SUPPER.



LIFE

"While there's Life there's Hope."

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TAKE notice that Mr. Ward McAllister has explained about the strict limitations he was reported to have put around "society" in New York. He was understood to have conveyed the impression that when you got four hundred strictly select persons at a New York ball, you got out all there were. Beyond that number, Mr. McAllister was understood to premise, you might have "selects," but they would not be "strictly."

H'm!

It may have been the clamor which his observation excited that has stirred Mr. McAllister more recently to aver that he was not quoted with exact fidelity. It was to a reporter who came to him to get the names and pedigrees of the four hundred strictlys that he explained:

"I said that the New York society people who would attend a ball would not be more than four hundred ordinarily. There would be more invited. I don't say anything about how many would be eligible, don't you know? The rest would not take the trouble, don't you know?"

Mr. McAllister, dear sir, that is explanation enough. It is polite, politic and true, and it makes it possible to stay away from divers Delmonico balls without entire loss of social self-respect.

* * *

WHATEVER is there to those young Messrs. Battenberg that they are able to construct such notable alliances with the women of the house of Guelph? The spectacle of old Prince Bismarck gathering his waning energies to thwart the darling purpose of the three Victorias is pathetic. The poor old man is overmatched, and though he has Germany, Russia and England at his back, it is good betting that Alexander Battenberg with the Guelph triumvirate will beat him.

So be it. What are chancellors and their policies that they should come between a brave and hearty young prince like Alexander and the Princess whose heart is all ready to thump

in unison with his. The case looks something like one of sentiment against statecraft. Of course the women are all on the side of sentiment, and considering what manner of women they are, sentiment must be considered to have a fair chance to win.

As for the Battenbergs, if they keep on allying themselves with such respectable European houses as the Guelphs and Hohenzollerns they will presently get credit with their tailors, and when they visit New York, Mr. Ward McAllister will let them dance and drink champagne with his four hundred strictlys.

* * *

M R. WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY dwelt with fondness upon the felicity of walking down Pall Mall with a duke on each arm, and, as Americans, we should all be delighted to know that in the person of our representative at the Court of St. James, we may be said to have each of us achieved this high privilege. Indeed, we have little doubt that Mr. Phelps might walk down Pall Mall with a duke on each arm, and walk back with two others, and repeat the performance the next day and the next, until he had gone through the whole peerage, so much is the British nobility charmed by his courtly manners and conservative sentiments. How much better that such men as Messrs. Lowell and Phelps should represent us abroad than that we should send any more Franklins, whose conduct might be calculated to induce foreigners to believe that the difference in our institutions makes a difference in men, and that republicans do not bend before royalty. How much better that Mr. Phelps should have created the opportunity to express his admiration for the simple Christian life of the heir to the throne than that he should in any manner let it be understood that, according to the American estimate of things, the Prince of Wales is a barnacle upon the English nation, an empty figure-head for an out-worn system of government.

* * *

A ND will any one recognize in the polished aristocrat who comes among us with his talk of titles, rank, and heraldry the plain and simple Vermont republican that Edward J. Phelps was when he left his native shores to uphold the principles of the Declaration of Independence at the Court of St. James? Have we any among us of sufficient ruggedness and virility to withstand the influence of that court and yet hold his Americanism untainted? James Russell Lowell, the poet of democracy, succumbed under those influences, became de-nationalized, and sank from a patriot to a cosmopolitan; but it remained for Mr. Phelps to throw aside all first principles, and to stand as the representative of a Republic, the most eager courtier of all in the throng of sycophants and flatterers about royalty.



QUALIFIED.

Dissatisfied Colonel: I EXPECTED, CAPTAIN, THAT THE GENERAL WOULD SEND ME MEN OF EXPERIENCE FOR THIS EXPEDITION—I WANTED AN OFFICER TO LEAD MEN WHO HAVE SEEN SERVICE—I DARE SAY YOU NEVER LED ANYTHING?

Captain: I LED THE GERMAN LAST SUMMER AT NEWPORT.

AT THE ACADEMY.

AMERICANS have the reputation abroad of being much given to vulgarity, but we were not prepared to see our artist setting such a blatant example of the national vice as greets the unsuspecting visitor at this year's Academy. The Yankee "artist" is trying to fool the unsophisticated purchaser by putting his painting under a glass. A more pitiful sight is seldom granted a weary public than that of a very ordinary oil painting protected like an antique gem of priceless value behind a sheet of shimmering glass. It injures materially the effect of an honest picture, and renders ludicrous the inferior daub. If some of these exhibitors were more expert with their brushes and less "up" in dealer's tricks, the patriotic visitor would quit the Academy in a less despondent condition.



A FROG far away from the haunts of man
Danced on an old tomato can-can,
And his fingers flew over a wee little flute,
Made from a stem of the sweet-flag root.
"Now the spring is here," he joyously cries,
"I'll fill my stummick with skeeters and flies!"

TO * * *

THY kiss, sweet maid, is much too swift—
The sting of bliss it leaves me;
A tiny tantalizing gift
That sweetly, sorely grieves me.

'Tis like a drop of dew that's lain
Upon the earth that cries for rain.

B. Zim.

A WISE RESOLUTION.

TEACHER (*infant natural history class*): You will remember that, will you, Tommy, that wasps lie in a torpid state all winter?

TOMMY (*with an air of retrospection*): Yes'm, an' I'll try an' remember that they make up for it in summer.

A LIGHT LUNCHEON.

CUSTOMER (*to waiter*): Here, John, take my order. Beef soup, cup of coffee, roast lamb, baked beans, onions, tomatoes, cucumbers, mince pie—an' be spry about it; my train leaves in just six minutes.



HOW THE GREEKS MIGHT HAVE DONE IT HAD THEY ONLY KNOWN.

AT CASTLE GARDEN.

MORIARTY (*just landed*): It's a wondherful foine country this is for furriners, Paddy. Here ye've only been over a year, and ye look loike a rale gentleman.

O'HOUЛИHAN: Furriners, ye say! The only furriners here are the Chinee haythens, and they've got to git out.

ONE DRAWBACK.

VISITOR (*to convict*): Your fate is a hard one, my friend; but you have plenty of company in your misery.

CONVICT: Yes, sir, but the company is a little mixed.



A WORTHY EXAMPLE.

THE Rev. Dr. Pridges, of Athens, Ga., preached his own funeral sermon to his congregation two Sundays ago, having his grave dug and a coffin ready for the occasion. There are a great many clergymen in this great land who would do well to follow Dr. Pridges' example, and conspicuous among these is the Rev. Dr. Talmage, the eminent pulpit athlete of Brooklyn.

* * *

ONDON *Punch* waxes sarcastic over Coquelin's article on the art of acting in *Harper's*, and goes for the histrion in an article entitled "L'art! C'est moi!" of which the animus is that M. Coquelin's art is all in his eye, this able joke being constructed upon the actor's advice to his fellow-artists: "Take care to concentrate your whole being in the eye." As M. Coquelin comprehends the English not with facilement, and as *Punch*'s least elaborate puns are a study for an expert native etymologist in any event, M. Coquelin is to be congratulated upon his inability to appreciate the full horror of this dire and damning jest.

* * *

MAYOR HEWITT'S table of statistics indicates that though the Irish may not have any right to fly their flag from the City Hall, they are entitled—so far as the numerical strength of the inmates gives title—to hang it from the roofs of the penal and charitable institutions of the city.

* * *



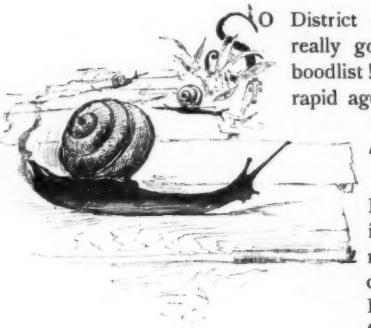
"WHERE THE EARLY CLOSING MOVEMENT WOULD BE POPULAR."

* * *

THOUGH a Panama Canal might not make the Himalayan Mountains more easily accessible than they now are, yet who can doubt that it would give us some Handy Andes!

SECRETARY BAYARD'S order that the *Enterprise* storm Tangier, but that in no circumstances should a gun be fired, seems to have settled the Morocco disturbance; but we trust that the rumor that the guns are to be taken out of our men-of-war, in order to preclude the possibility of firing upon an enemy in a rash moment, may not prove true. For how could we salute our naval officers and cabinet ministers without guns?

* * *



CO District Attorney Fellows is really going to try another boodlist! Well, this is a rapid age that we live in.

THE newspapers are abusing Mr. Fatty Walsh, the eminent ex-gambler and ruffian, who is warden of the Tombs Prison, because he failed to prevent the

suicide of Mr. Francis W. Pittman, the genial truckman, who had been sentenced to hard labor for life for the murder of a disobedient daughter. And yet, it is hard to understand who it is that Mr. Walsh has injured by his negligence. Pittman wanted to die himself: he was of no use to his family; he would not have ornamented society, as he was to be in prison for the remainder of his un-natural life, and he would have been an expense to the people of the State, because no prisoner is self-supporting under our prison system. Ergo, it seems that Mr. Walsh has achieved the solution of an economic problem in a manner satisfactory all round, and should be praised, not blamed.

* * *

HE: Yes, I see it's to be the same old story with us—
"marry in haste and repent at leisure."

SHE: I don't see how you can say that, Henry; I'm sure it took me nearly two years to bring you to the point.

* * *

M R. ANSTEY tells us of a Greek gentleman, who, at the funeral of an infant daughter, apologized for presenting so small a corpse in so large a gathering. If Matthew Arnold had followed the Greek gentleman's example we might tolerate his estimate of the comparative civilization of these United States with a better grace. We may at least flatter ourselves that we have not an upper class materialized, a middle class vulgarized, and a lower class brutalized.

+ P^e Knighte & ye Fickle Ladye +

+ An Old English Ballade +
+ By G. Fiske +



To ye lady this wondrous thing was tolde :
She sighed for ye gallant who kissed her haire ;
She thought of her husband so fat and olde ;
She wished she had married ye brave Monclaire.

But ye doughtye knigthe proved stern and proude ;
His love for ye fickle dame was dead.
They met on ye streete 'mid ye busy crowde,
But he kept his bonnet upon his head.

Ye lady pined and sickened with grief,
Till she faine would call on ye leach's art ;
But his medicine brought her no relief,
And she died at last of a broken hearte.

Monclaire lived on to a good old age,
With no regret for ye lady faere ;
At times his bosom would swell with rage,
As he gazed on ye locke of her auburne haire.

SURE SIGN OF INSANITY.

BAGLEY: Jones won ten thousand dollars in a lottery some time ago, and now his relations are trying to make out that he is insane.

GAGLEY: He must be if he was fool enough to tell them anything about his luck.

AN OVERPOWERING LOAD.

FIREMAN: I tell you she was a daisy. I carried her down stairs. She weighed about 200 pounds.

HUSBAND: Of course she fainted?

FIREMAN: No, but I did.



A FINE PIECE OF WORK.

"MAMMA," said Flossie, who was admiring herself in the glass, "did God make me?"

"Yes, dear," replied mamma.

"Well," was Flossie's dictum, after a pause, "he needn't be ashamed of it."

A RARE TALENT.

A VERY clever girl that stupid Miss Blum who just went out."

"Clever? Why, she never opens her mouth!"

"That's where she's clever."

CERTAINLY William Shakespeare was unconscious of his high poetic merits, notwithstanding his prophecy of fame in the sonnets. Does not the great Emerson tell us that "Bill did better than he knew?"

THE CHANCE OF A LIFE-TIME.

M R. EQUALRIGHTS: I suppose, my love, that you picked up a good deal of interesting knowledge at the Women's Congress.

MRS. E.: Dear me, yes! It isn't often that one has a chance to inspect three thousand bonnets at once!



"BOOKS THAT HAVE HELPED ME."



ON THE SANITY OF LITERARY MEN.

IT has been cabled to this country from London that *The Times*, reviewing Mr. Lowell's recent volume of poetry, says: "Mr. Lowell's strength is that of a fine sensibility to all that is most interesting in nature and man, of a wide and real knowledge of the best that has been said and thought in the world, and of a nearly complete mastery of his instrument of language."

That is an admirable epitome of what a man of broad culture should be, and Mr. Lowell undoubtedly is. It makes the man of letters—not a recluse, an eccentric, or a libertine for whom we apologize, but a sympathetic and learned man of the world, possessing all the virile qualities demanded by professional work or statesmanship, and, therefore, perfectly at home with the leaders of men in all the walks of life.

MORE and more, as the reasonable attitude toward life gains ground, will those who read and think demand that the literary man shall be like other men, only differing in degree because of a finer sensibility, a broader knowledge, and a more perfect faculty of expression. He is the last man who should seek only the society of those engaged in this work of expressing what other people feel. He must broaden his knowledge and sympathies through contact with men of all crafts; he must absorb from them their experience, and he must read the best books, because they contain the record of the experience of life in the past.

A STRANGE and rude superstition once made of priests and men of letters a peculiar people, occupying a place apart somewhere between men and angels, or men and devils. And both classes went to work to deepen this error by posing in their writings as queer beings, creatures of inspiration and miracle. With the spread of knowledge, the priest and the writer are being pushed from their pedestals to take a part in the struggle for existence on equal terms with us all. We can no longer be awed by a gown or a stole.

I F the reminiscences of Charles Dickens, recently published in *Temple Bar*, and republished in the New York *Tribune*, are true, then it must be admitted that he occasionally acted in the most idiotic manner, judging him by the standards applied to rational men. But the chances are that, after many years, a woman has gone to work to create from memory her idea of what Dickens ought to have been. He, no doubt, was given to posing as a literary man in the old manner, but we can believe that he drew the line at silliness.

Droch.

EXPENSIVE LUXURIES.

M RS. LARDINE (of Chicago): Really, Mr. Bigfee, I think that five hundred dollars for so simple a matter as a divorce is quite exorbitant!

MR. BIGFEE (firmly but respectfully): Those are my usual terms, madame.

MRS. LARDINE (with hauteur): Very well, sir, you may write a receipt; but I have never paid so much before, and I never will again.

TOO FRAGILE.

S QUIRE OATCAKE (to dealer in bric-a-brac): I wanter git sunthin' nice, Mister, t' take hum for the wife's birthday.

DEALER: Very well, sir. What do you say to this elegant French cabinet?

OATCAKE: Er—guess I want sunthin' stronger'n that. Accordin' to the papers, these French Cabinets don't last no time.



CONTROLLABLE GRIEF.

"FANNY AND I WERE THE ONLY TWO AT THE FUNERAL, MAMMA, WHO DID NOT CRY."

"DIDN'T YOU FEEL LIKE CRYING?"

"OH, YES, BUT COULDN'T; WE HAD NO HANDKERCHIEFS."

ANTICIPATING REVENGE.

Loving Aunt (*to erring nephew*): It would be useless to speak to your uncle, Charles. You know what a strong will he has.

CHARLES: Ah, just wait till it goes to probate!



THEY WILL GO ON FOREVER.

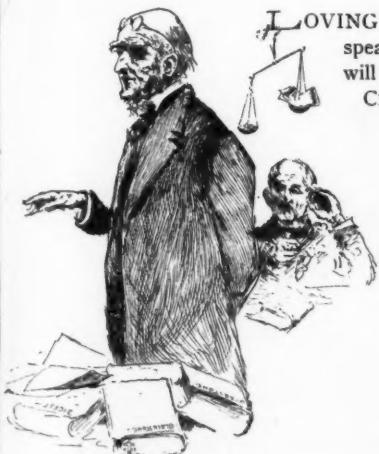
Briefless: Congratulate me, Quibble! I've got a case at last.

QUibble: Good! What is it?

Briefless: I'm retained in the "boodle" trials.

QUibble: Immense! You're fixed for life.

A HOME THRUST.

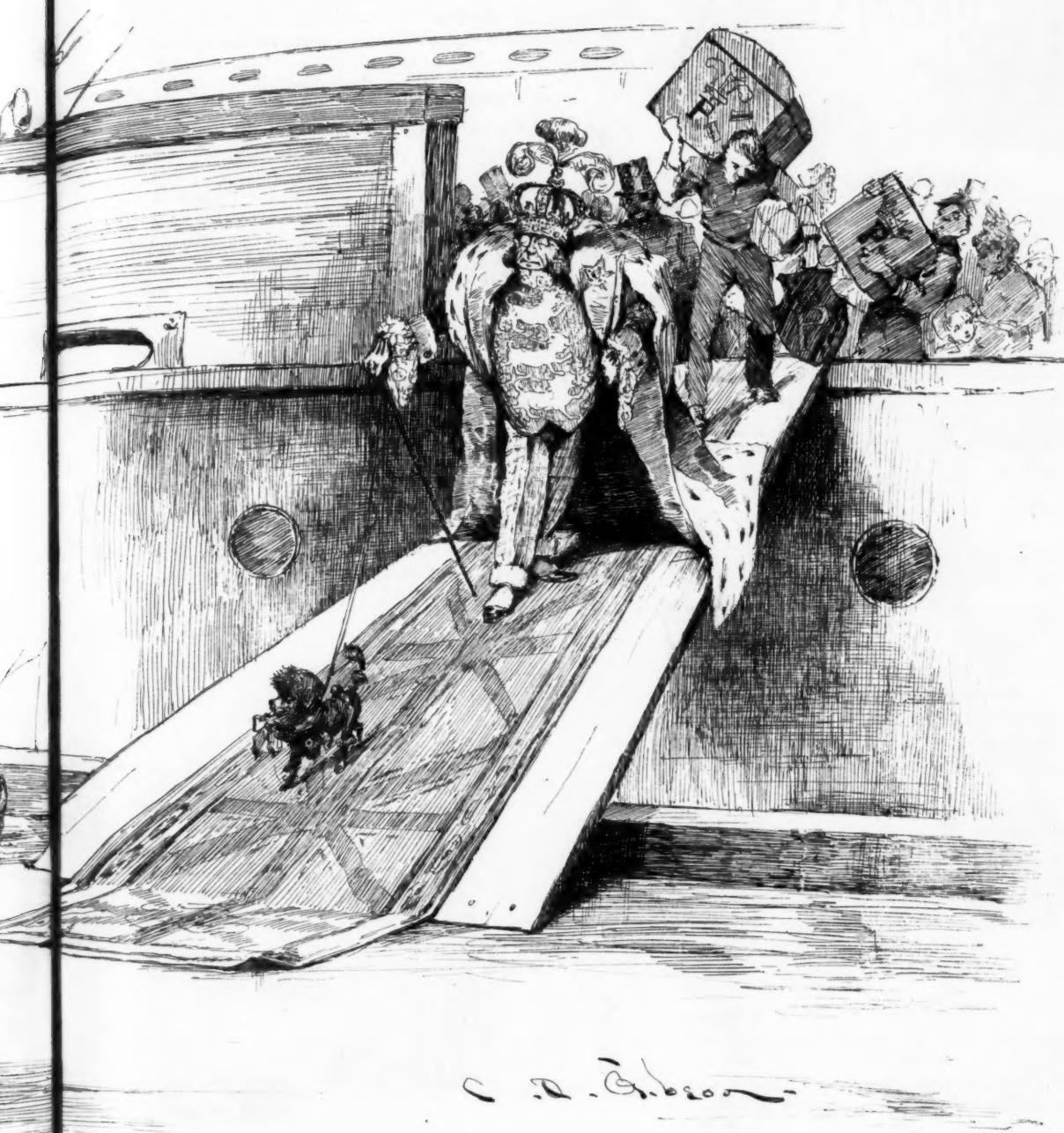


A GROUP of fashionably attired actors should remind us of the nation's emblem—the stars and stripes.

Clay Pipe (*to real Havana*): SURE, YER NEEDN'T BE PUTTING ON SO MANY AIRS. YOU WERE BORN IN A TENEMENT HOUSE YOURSELF, PROBABLY.



MINISTER PHELPS RETURNED HOME



TURN HIS ASTONISHED FAMILY.



O'CONNOR'S HAMLET.

THERE are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in our philosophy, and one of them is James Owen O'Connor. No doubt most of the audiences at the Star Theatre have thought they were asleep and enjoying a nightmare of the first magnitude. Mr. O'Connor played *Hamlet*, a part in which several persons of more or less note have endeavored to set forth pet theories as to the mental condition of the Prince of Denmark. Mr. O'Connor cannot be accused of a servile imitation of any of these actors. Like Napoleon the First, "grand, gloomy and peculiar, he sits a sceptred hermit, wrapped in the solitude of his own originality."

The great question for many years has been, Was *Hamlet* mad? We are now prepared to reply to this inquiry with all the ease and certainty of an answers-to-correspondents column in a Sunday newspaper.

Hamlet was mad. He was stark, staring mad! He was a triangular lunatic of unfathomable idiocy. He was mad in his eyes, in his lips, in his arms, in his hands, and hopelessly insane in his legs. Mr. O'Connor's *Hamlet* is the concentrated extract of Bloomingdale and Blackwell's Island. If the reader can borrow one of the wildest idiots from the asylum on Blackwell's Island, and thoroughly saturate him with a deifying liquid that cheers and inebriates all at once, he will then have a faint and hazy image of O'Connor's *Hamlet*.

But he is not a polite *Hamlet*. He turns his back on the audience and addresses the rear of the stage very often. Yet it may be questioned whether this is not done with a purpose; for no one ever saw anything on this earth exactly like the obverse of James Owen O'Connor. A meal sack set upon two Indian clubs would be symmetrical and decorous in comparison. O'Connor is *sui generis*, and must stand on his own legs, for surely no one else would wish to stand on them.

Mr. O'Connor believes in what Daniel Webster called "noble, sublime, godlike action," and he suits it to the word. When he speaks of feeding upon the air, like the chameleon, he opens his mouth wide, shoots his head forward with a sudden bend of the neck, and then snaps his jaws together like the gleeful crocodile, thus conveying to the audience the impression that he has taken a bite out of the atmosphere. And when he subsequently writhes about the stage in agony, we know that he is suffering from a complaint familiar to our childhood. His caput is much like an egg from which the yolk has been blown out. This might be a misfortune in

case he undertook to play the leading role in a new society comedy, but for *Hamlet* it is just the thing. It enables him to be completely, happily, cheerfully, contentedly an idiot.

Mr. O'Connor is supported by a company the like of which was never before seen on the earth.

REMEMBERING THE SABBATH.

OLD GENTLEMAN (*getting his boots blacked Sunday morning*): Boy, do you know what the good Book says, "Remember the Sabbath day?"

BOOTBLACK: Yessir, I allers re-members it.

OLD GENTLEMAN: Then you go to Sunday-school, do you?

BOOTBLACK: No, sir; I don't go to Sunday-school, but I charges ten cents fer a shine.



AND ANGELS PRAISED HER.

ELLE (*from New York*): May I come in, please?

ST. PETER: I don't know—you went to the theatre during Lent.

FAIR GOTHAMITE: Yes, but I always took my hat off.

(And the angels lifted their voices in welcoming song.)



He: SOPHIA, YOU MAKE ME HAPPY IN YOUR LOVE FOR ME.
She: AND you, ANGELO, MAKE ME HAPPY IN KNOWING I MAKE YOU HAPPY.

Party in foreground, with an expression of nausea, leaves the room.

THE MOOR'S INSULT.

AMORISCO who dwelt at Tangier,
When he viewed the ship *Enterprise* near,
Cried aloud in his wrath,
"I don't need a bath;
Don't send your old wash-tubs round
here!"

THE TRIALS OF AN ARTIST.

YOUNG MOTHER (*to photographer*): I am sorry, Mr. Camera, but the negatives you sent of Baby don't suit.

PHOTOGRAPHER: None of them?
There were six.

YOUNG MOTHER: Yes; I like this one very well, although it doesn't do Baby justice, but mother thinks it's horrible. The one she likes I wouldn't consider for a moment. Baby's papa thought this one would do, but his grandma became indignant at the idea and I agreed with her. The dear little fellow's Aunt Kate thought they were all bad, and I guess—er—that Baby will have to sit again.

LET us honor and respect the busy bee. Once full he makes straight for home.

**SPRING STYLES.**

"YES, IT'S A LOVELY COLOR, BUT I DON'T QUITE LIKE IT FOR THE CITY."

"WHY NOT?"

"IT DOESN'T MATCH THE FIFTH AVENUE DUST."

THEATRICAL TERMS.**"A LEADING LADY."****"SECURING A HEAVY PART."****"THROWING IT UP."****"A LONG RUN."****"A LEG PIECE."****"WELL SUPPORTED."****"I PRAY THEE ASSIST ME."****"WELL SET."**



Invalid: OH, ANNABEL, I'M SO GLAD YOU'VE COME; I HAD THE MOST HORRIBLE DREAM LAST NIGHT; I DREAMT I DIED AND THAT I MET THAT HORRID SUSAN DINGLEY WITH THE ANGELS, AND HER HALO FITTED HER EVER SO MUCH BETTER THAN MINE DID ME, AND HER WINGS WERE TOO BEAUTIFUL FOR ANYTHING!

"I'M sitting on the stile, Mary," as he said when he sat on her new Easter bonnet.

A PROPOSED CODE OF CONVERSATION.

Tpossessed of no other characteristic meriting approval, this is an age of brevity and dispatch. The inventive powers of thousands of men are exercised in rapidly moving people (who might just as well have stayed at home) to another place and in girdling the earth in forty seconds, so that we can read all the details of the Smith-Kilrain prize fight before it has taken place on the other side of the Atlantic.

But the modern spirit which haunts the marts of trade and the newspaper offices has not invaded the drawing-room. Letter-writing has shriveled up before the telegram and the postal-card, and conversation has become a lost art; small-talk still exists, as teasing and time-consuming as in former days.

Where there is no thought in the mind, and no originality of observation, words come out of the mouth in conventional patterns of speech, patterns which repeat themselves, and which are produced automatically by the pressure of some person or thing.

For instance, Mrs. Plyte Robinson calls upon her friend Mrs. Carroll-Gay. The talk crackles on for fifteen minutes, far into the mysteries of flounces and furbelows. Neither of these ladies wishes her time wasted, and yet they must call in person on each other at stated intervals. To avoid this and to give our ladies more time for meditation and shopping, the suggestion is now made that a Code of Conversation, similar to the cable codes, now in use by merchants, be adopted in polite society. In these codes, one word may be used to cover a whole sentence or more; and as each party possesses a key to the code, much time is saved, and money as well. To illustrate the condensation which these codes bring about, the sentence

"Smithkins, London : Macbeth murders sleep—Tyler," may mean

"Smithkins, Gobson & Smithkins, 17 Bishopsgate Street Within, London, E. C. We advise you to sell New York Central; a cut in freight rates is expected — J. Calhoun Tyler & Co."

Would it not be charming if Mrs. Robinson could express all her friendly sentiments and social information to Mrs. Gay by a sweet smile and the simple words "thorn pot," and the latter's neat and incisive reply, "speed guest," should be all that would be expected of her as a hostess? The code could be handsomely bound and would be an ornament to the drawing-room table, too, and it would be consulted during the call by each party. With the conventional remarks thus disposed of, perhaps we should begin to meditate upon the eternal verities, and we might some day have ideas which could not be expressed in a code, and exchange them one with another.

HOW THE ROYAL BENGAL TIGER LOST HIS LUNCH.



"CONFFOUND THOSE HUMANS! THEY ARE ALWAYS INVENTING SOME NEW EXPLOSIVE."



THE candidate's boomer now bunglingly boometh,
And bashfully buzzeth the beggarly bee;
In the bulge of his bonnet it busily hummeth
A song like the sob of the sad sounding sea.

—Chicago Tribune.

STUMPSON (in answer to Talboys' greeting): Oh, all right, 't wasn't for these east winds—

TALBOYS (who's a little hard of hearing): Twins! My dear fellow, I congratulate you, I'm sure. I'd really no idea you were—and how are they—all there?—I hope—

STUMPSON (testily—large family already): I didn't say these twins—(shouting)—I said the EAST WINDS!—Excruciatingly humorous thing from London Punch.

FUNNY MAN: Boy, is the ice-cream joke in one of those pigeonholes?

BOY: Yes, sir.

FUNNY MAN: Well, get it out and dust it off; we'll need it pretty soon.—Philadelphia Call.

THE HERR PROFESSOR: Donnerwetter! What is it that that outrageous rumbling in the street makes—ah—pardon—it is a beer-wagon.—Fliegende Blatter.

RUSSIAN NIHILISTS are again active. The handling of dynamite is apt to keep one on the jump.—Philadelphia Call.

FIRST TRAMP: If I had my way I'd have 365 National holidays in this year.

SECOND TRAMP: You would, eh? and then there would be one working day for every four years. Oh, you are a nice one, you are! You would make a galley-slave of the poor laboring-man, wouldn't you?—Texas Siftings.

"WHAT is the cause of the 'air fallin' off, sir! Well, if it comes out on the top, it's sorrier; if it comes out in the front, it's hilliness; an' if it comes out at the sides, it's hold age. Now, which might be your case, sir!"—London Judy.

"ON the Track of Ulysses," by William J. Stillman, has been issued in book form. Mr. Adam Bedeau is bound to claim its authorship. He is himself on the track of Ulysses and wants blood-money from the Grant family.—New Orleans Picayune.

"WILLIE," said the good pastor, who was taking dinner with the family, "I suppose you will be a literary man, like your father, when you grow up." "Nope," said the little boy addressed, as he looked at the somewhat meagre array of delicacies on the table with lofty scorn, "literary nuttin'! I'm goin' to be a ten-thousand-dollar cook!"—Chicago Tribune.

THERE is a girl in Vassar who can't play the piano and won't learn. We shan't give her name, because we don't think her valuable time ought to be taken up indexing proposals of marriage.—Jersey City Journal.

BRAGGS is hurrying home, having been notified of the arrival of twins.

NEWSBOY: Extra Sun, mister?

BRAGGS (bitterly): Yes; just my luck.—Texas Siftings.

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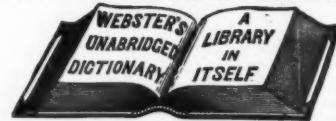
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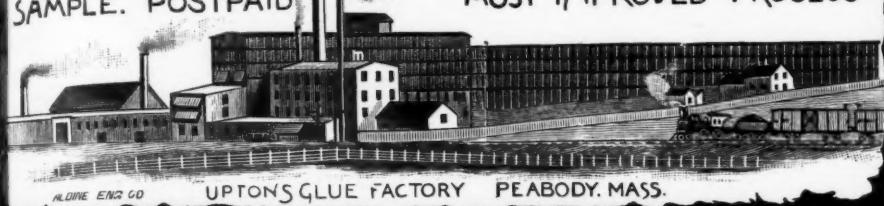
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